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Tri-Weekly Courier

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LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Henry Van Brussels of Mt. Pleasant spent Christmas in Ottumwa.

John Fagan has returned to Williamsburg after spending Christmas at his home, 111 North Clay street.

Miss Genevieve Daly, 224 North Walnut avenue, has gone to Marshalltown for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glew and daughter, Mary, of Creston are visiting relatives in the city.

Tubal Peterman of Cumberland is a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Glew, 133 South Iowa avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Hurst, of Ash street, are visiting in Ottumwa with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Alex Hallgren of Cedar Rapids is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Anderson, 1948 East Main street.

C. O. Taylor, Jr., of Chicago, is visiting in the city with his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Taylor, 128 East Fifth street.

Frank Hooks of Chicago, is visiting at the Chester Whitmore home, 181 Vogel avenue.

Darby Elliott of Minneapolis, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Elliott, 176 Alta Vista avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weese and daughter of Bidwell were in Ottumwa today en route home from Des Moines where they spent Christmas.

Miss Bettie Burns and D. Burns of Lockman, spent Christmas in the city with their sister, Mrs. O. E. Baker, 701 East Williams street.

Michael Cunningham of Peoria is visiting over the holidays with his children, 116 South Ash street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoerr, 518 North Sheridan avenue, spent Christmas in St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Edna and Miss Lela Collins of Mt. Pleasant, are in the city visiting with Mrs. R. E. Wellman, 302 Burrhus street.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hobbs, 119 South Davis street, left this morning for Van Wert, to visit friends and relatives.

Miss Carol Skinner of Des Moines, has returned home after visiting at the Harry Skinner home, 627 North Welles street over Christmas.

John Walsh of St. Paul and Hugh Walsh of Cedar Rapids are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh, 637 East Second street.

C. O. Dawson has returned to Ottumwa after spending Christmas with his parents at Freeport, Ill.

Wren, 519 East Fourth returned to Ottumwa after Christmas in Knoxville.

Ryttenberg, 229 East left this afternoon for the city to visit her sister.

Nelson of Hannibal Sunday evening the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, 907 Locust.

Mr. Pleasant, who has returned after his sister in the holidays.

Mich. spent a Dr. and

ton has returned after his sister in the holidays.

and bride of the holidays.

Mrs. William street.

aven, principal in the Fre-

l and Merwin the college of Michigan at the holidays.

and Mrs. Wil-

Ramsayer of Des Moines and Homer of the funeral day at Fair-

as City, Mo., the holidays.

Mrs. O. E. ne, Dr. and Alexis, Ill., at the Full-

born of St. home after the latter's Elizabeth Sar-

and Mrs. W.

d. Ramsell, re- Iowa City Sun-

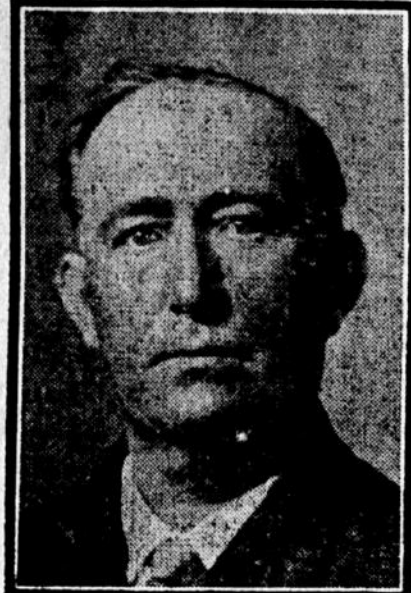
ending the hol- ers' parents, Mr. neil, on Roemer

is Moines is visit- of his parents, Mr. m, 146 North Wil-

A. J. FAIRCHILD IS CALLED BY DEATH

FORMER MEMBER OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS PASSES AWAY AT HIS HOME.

Albert J. Fairchild, former chairman of the Wapello county board of supervisors, township trustee, justice of the peace and prominent farmer, died at his home three miles southwest of Ottumwa at seven o'clock this morning.



ALBERT J. FAIRCHILD.

following an illness which covered considerable time.

Mr. Fairchild spent his entire life in Wapello county, having been born in Richland township, October 6, 1858. He was reared in the usual manner of farm lads and the occupation to which he was trained he made his life work. He continued in Richland township until January 28, 1913 when he moved to Ottumwa. He lived here until November, 1913 and then moved to the place where he died in Center township. While active in his farm work he also cooperated in many movements for the general good and filled a number of public offices. He acted as township trustee, was also a justice of the peace and in 1909 was elected a county supervisor, which position he filled for three years, being chairman of the board at the time the present jail was built.

The deceased is survived by his wife A. S.

and five children, Thomas C., Manley A., S. Ray, Opal and Mary. The funeral services will be held Wednesday at Kirkville in charge of Rev. C. S. Cooper. Burial will be made in the Kirkville cemetery.

NO WARNING IS GIVEN STEAMER

(Continued From Page 1.)

the starboard side, the report said advice relate, as though ready to discharge a second torpedo if necessary.

After the Yasaka Maru sank, a conning tower was visible for a brief time at a point about a mile away.

The report describes the manner in which all on board the steamship entered the boats safely, this having been accomplished within ten minutes of the time the torpedo was discharged. The captain caused the boats to be tied together. Sails were hoisted, and in accordance with a plan arranged by wireless, a southeasterly course was taken. This was held until midnight when the French gunboat which rescued the passengers and crew was met.

During the evening the periscope of the submarine reappeared only a few yards from the boats but the submarine itself was not visible. The passengers praised the captain and crew for their coolness and discipline. There was no sign of panic throughout the long ordeal.

According to the statement made to the diet by the finance minister, there was on board the Yasaka Maru gold to the value of \$500,000.

MORE STEAMERS SUNK.

London, Dec. 27.—The British steamship Hadley, of 1,777 tons gross, has been sunk.

The British steamer Embala, of 1,172 tons, has been beached at the mouth of the Thames, after forwards.

The crews of both vessels were rescued.

Sinking of the Belgian steamer Ministre Beernaert, 4,215 gross tons, is announced. The crew left the steamer in boats, two of which are missing.

The British steamer Cottingham of 513 tons has been sunk. The crew was saved.

MORE SHIPS SUNK.

The 4,500 ton British steamship Yoddo, from Calcutta, November 24, for Boston and New York, has been sunk. Her crew was saved.

WANT A NEW TRIAL IN WILSON ACTION

Arguments for and against a new trial in the case of A. D. Wilson vs. The City of Ottumwa will be heard Thursday morning, December 30, at 9 o'clock before District Judge Seneca Cornell. Wilson sued the city for \$1,500 as damages for the alleged injury to his property when sewer water is said to have been allowed to run over it. He won a judgment of \$1,262.50 by the jury's verdict after a week's trial. The city now asks for a rehearing.

DIES FROM BURNS.

Cantrill, Dec. 27.—George Dean, aged three years, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Dean Sunday evening. The little fellow was seriously burned about three weeks ago while playing with papers in the fire and since that time has been a patient little sufferer. All that medical aid could do was done but to no avail. The parents have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

KING TELLS OF TRIP ACROSS GREAT DESERT MADE BY WAGON TRAIN FIFTY YEARS AGO

In his eighth installment of his series of articles on the trip across the great American desert, James King of Ottumwa tells of a number of incidents that will be read with interest by those who have followed the series. Mr. King's present installment follows:

As soon as the stock had rested we were again on the road. The last bite of cooked food had been eaten and the last drop of water, save the one quart for the two sick men, had been drunk and the next relief would have to come from Irish Mike on Bear creek. When we reached the wreckage by the wayside I stopped. The outfit for a short time and with shovels we began to investigate the skeleton spoken of in my last letter. After the removal of a good quantity of sand we found the skeleton of an adult which had a hole in the top of the skull, which perhaps had been made by a tomahawk in the hands of a savage. We found the hip and the leg bones of one mule and a part of the spine. Our time being precious, we lowered the bones into the hole from which they had been taken, there to remain until the sounding of the angel's trumpet, and once more were on our way to the oasis in the desert.

Nothing of importance happened until mid afternoon when against the western sky could be seen a small dark cloud which appeared to be coming directly toward us. I notified Stanley of its appearance and he struggled from the wagon and we prepared to get into quick coral, but our precautions were unnecessary, for with the aid of our glasses we could see two horsemen each leading a pack-mule, emerge from the desert and with a final spurt Pat Donahugh and a man whose name I remember as Ellis landed in our midst with four water casks each holding five gallons of good spring water from Bear creek. This made us twenty gallons besides several well filled canteens. When Irish Mike arrived at Bear creek he gave the stock one hour's rest and then, together with two of the saddlers into pack saddlers and two of the mules into pack mules, he had done the right thing and rushed the reserves to the aid of his famished fellow men.

We immediately went into camp and a hasty meal was prepared, as we had water sufficient to wet the flour and make skillet bread and a part of coffee each and we had hot brand and coffee for our horses and mules. We all drank and Howard one can of water with which to wash their faces and cool their fever. Howard was suffering from fever while Stanley was suffering from a shell wound received at Missionary Ridge when his regiment, the Sixth Ohio Infantry, Hazen's brigade, Wood's division, went to the support of Sherman's hard pressed batteries at the summit of the Lookout. Our stock was now showing signs of fatigue and unrest but there was one salvation in the distance and that was Bear creek, so we were soon under way once more and the tired mules seemed to understand that relief laid only in the direction of the setting sun.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—The report from Minnesota to the effect that former Senator Elihu Root of New York had declined to allow his name to be used in the presidential primaries at that state created no inconsiderable amount of interest in Washington. In some quarters it was suggested that Root had declined to allow his name to be used in the Minnesota primaries and that to be beaten there might have a bad effect upon his chances in other state primaries.

Some time in the fore part of the night we discovered seemingly a star in the west which proved to be our outpost of Bear creek, under the leadership of Irish Mike. A heavy dew was falling and we selected a good feeding ground and turned out the stock with a double set of herders and by the light of our lanterns we soon had a good supper of hot bread and coffee. The wet grass made a luxurious feed for the stock and after New Year's rest we were once more in the harness and pulling westward. I once more sent Irish Mike with his brigade on ahead with an additional cooking outfit, also beans and coffee and a side of bacon. Every lantern was lit and hung on some part of each wagon while the advance guard, consisting of the extra stock with the old bell mule in the lead.

We made Stanley and Howard as comfortable as possible and the road being good we traveled at good speed until the crescent moon once more shown in the eastern sky, when we made our final camp before reaching Bear creek. We were now in first class grazing for the stock and though it was the month of November the fine prairie grass was still in good condition for feed and with the heavy dew still on the grass the stock made a fair feed and were apparently contented with their hard lot. We had plenty of chips in store and soon fires were blazing, this time on top of the ground in order to make more light and once more we set about preparing another midnight meal on the desert. After eating I walked out to the herd and found many of the tired mules had laid down and were eating as far as they could reach.

Just before dawn the camp was aroused, the stock driven in and each mule and horse fed two quarts of shelled corn and as the gray dawn of another day lighted up the eastern sky we were once more en route on the Santa Fe trail. Up to this time I had been riding Stanley's horse, having turned old Nick out with the extra stock to rest and graze at will but I now saddled him for a final spurt to Bear creek and Nick was never happier than when I was on his back.

Everything went as well as could be and we traveled at as good a speed as could be expected from the stock. Soon after sunrise the sky looked over the future could be seen soaring high in the bright sun light. Many of the mules now began to show signs of utter fatigue and some had to be turned out and the extra stock put in harness. This was done but to no avail as we did not have extra enough to

meet the demand and it was plain to be seen that is something was not done and done at once that we were going to be standing in the desert almost in sight of sure relief. I halted the outfit at a turned out the stock without removing the harness but some of the stock instead of grazing immediately laid down and it was with difficulty that we removed the harness from some of them.

Stanley was wagon master hence captain of the outfit and his word was law but as he was in no mood to act we held a short consultation and I suggested that twenty-one of the best teams continue the drive to Bear Creek and the other twenty wagons be temporarily abandoned and the mules driven in harness as extras to be used as relays if needed. There was plenty of water in the casks to do ten men for coffee until a trip could be made to Bear Creek and return. I left ten men, Brownlow, who was in charge included and adding two mules extra to each team making a six instead of a four mule train. I started to Bear Creek with twenty-one instead of forty-one wagons. I got all the travel possible out of the suffering brutes by cutting out jaded mules and hitching in one or more of the extra just as the occasion required.

This process of switching out the tired mules and switching in another was done without stopping or causing any delay en route. I left Stanley's horse and felled glass with the wagon as there was water enough to give the horse two gallons and have plenty for the men besides. We soon reached the high point from which the timber line described in a former letter could be seen. The sight gave heart to everyone and even Stanley and Howard dragged themselves out of the wagon to take a view of the blue line still in the distance. The brass drum, snare drum, banjo and bugle were brought into action without stopping the turning of a wheel.

The old confederate cavalryman Ziegler with the same bugle that had sounded the famous confederate cavalry charge by General Early at Winchester stood upon the spring seat and soon the sandy waste echoed with the notes produced by this master of the bugle. Everyone seemed to inhale a fresh supply of life and energy, even to the poor famished dumb brutes and save for the tired animals we appeared to be an overland circus entering a country town than a herd of hungry men and famished mules on a desert waste. The stock appeared to understand that better conditions were near at hand and even the old army hee haw, which the old boys in blue remembered so well could be heard from some of the suffering brutes. We were now on a hard soil road and making good time and I felt that we were not more than ten miles from the coveted goal and that a good spurt would bring us within five miles of Jim and the other boys and then if needs be we would leave the train and drive the stock to the water and return and pick up the outfit in relays with the best stock, but right here Providence favored us with a brisk, cool breeze from the far away Rockies and with a good deal of switching in of extra stock we soon rounded the uplift described in a former letter and before us about four miles distance with its welcome waters rippling on to the sea lay the fertile valley of Bear Creek.

The sun was well past the zenith and hung like a ball of fire in the lazy west. The music was once more pealing forth this time with the "Gallant Girls of Georgia." I told Scott Erwin to saddle the little black mare which was lead behind his wagon and to ride as Paul Revere of old to tell us to have a good watering place selected and soon he was riding at a speed that would have put the old pony express to shame. The presence of antelope appeared to imbue the tired mules with new life and as I wanted to make camp before sunset I told the boys to touch up a bit and I pushed the loose stock on ahead determining not to make any more change if possible before camping and we succeeded so well that with the still in the heaven we reached the oasis in the desert.

We went into a promiscuous camp and soon the stock was up to their knees in a stream of running water. Great care had to be taken that we did not lose any of the stock by over indulgence and to accomplish this I placed all hands with their whips to keep the mules moving and drinking at the same time and finally drove them from the water. Great stacks of skillet bread, biscuits and fried bread, roast and fried jack rabbit, antelope and prairie dog, meat and boiled beans in abundance was supplemented with two large army camp kettles of coffee as black as an Ethiopian.

Stanley and Father Howard were made as comfortable as possible and Father Howard raised to his feet asked permission to ask a blessing. Every head was bowed and with eyes closed and turned to heaven and arms folded across his breast in a clear and steady voice he called upon God to witness our delivery through the perils that we had passed and in eloquent terms he offered up a prayer for our final deliverance from further and unseen difficulties. I stood at Howard's left with my right arm supporting him and in that gathering, far from friends and home, there were men who at bugles call had rushed madly to the fire to slay their fellow men; men who amidst the carnage had rushed fearlessly up to the mouth of the blazing cannon and with bare breast had faced the glittering bayonet and who with solemn tread had borne their mangled comrades from the field of carnage of blood and laid them silently in the improvised graves of war and whose very nature had become colored by the years of hardship and privations and yet as a mere youth I looked over those faces still lighted up with the fast, departing rays of the setting sun and I could see the silent tears trickle down the sides of the bronzed cheeks and the coat sleeves drawn quickly across the brimming eye to wipe away the silent tear drop.

Howard suddenly stopped and open-

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Children's coats —
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ing wide his eyes and raising both hands towards heaven he exclaimed: "O God deliver us," and fell backward on the couch of blankets and pillows from which he had arisen. I spoke to him but no response came. The evening meal was forgotten and everyone's eyes was a vacant stare, his jaws relaxed, the end had come. I madly tore open his vest and shirt and thrusting my hand inside pressed it against his heart. It had ceased to beat. Father Howard had passed to the silent and peaceful realms of the dead.

(In my next I will tell you how we succeeded in reuniting our train and also of the funeral of the desert as well as the crossing of the poison lands.)

Obituary

Harry Shreeves.
The funeral of Harry Shreeves, who died at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, December 22, at Hot Springs, Ark., was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence of his parents, 329 Elm avenue. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Isaac Bussing and interment was made in the Shaul cemetery.

Mrs. Clara Arnold.
Mrs. Clara Arnold, wife of James M.

Arnold, died at her home, four miles South of Ottumwa, Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at the age of 66 years. She is survived by her husband and mother, Mrs. Page White.

The funeral services will be at 12 o'clock Tuesday from the residence and at 1 o'clock from the Finley Avenue Baptist church, and interment will be made in the Shaul cemetery.

James Dunning.
James Dunning, died Saturday evening at about 7:40 o'clock, at his residence, 1230 Hayne street, at the age of 55, after a five days' illness. He was born in Wapello county, Iowa, and has lived here all his life. He was a member of the Maccabees, Tent No. 18. He is survived by his wife Zylpha, and three children.

The funeral services were held this afternoon at one o'clock, and were in charge of the Maccabees, from the residence. Interment was made in the Ormanville cemetery. The pallbearers were: Frank H. Myers, T. E. Curry, Ed Atkins, John Kelley, Paul Richards and Joe Hanrahan.

Mrs. Richard Day.
Mrs. Richard Day died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Sloan, 201 Albany street, this morning at 11:55 at the age of 69 years. Mrs. Day was born in Walton, Boone county, Ky., and after three years the fam-

ily moved to Illinois, where she has been a resident until the last two years, which have been spent in going back and forth from Illinois to Iowa. She is survived by seven sons, Charles Walker of Rushville, Ill.; Steven Walker of Industry, Ill.; Fletcher Walker of Wyoming, Ill.; Isaac Walker of Huron, S. D.; Richard Day of Roseville, Ill., and James Day of Minneapolis, Minn.; and three daughters, Mrs. Maggie Baughman of Pittsburg, Kas.; Mrs. Dolly Morris of Ray, Ill., and Mrs. Charles Sloan of this city.

The remains will be taken on Burlington train No. 18 in the morning for Rushville, Ill., and the funeral will be held Wednesday. Interment will be made in the Rushville cemetery.

AMERICAN SCIENCE BEING DISCUSSED
Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 27.—Eminent scientists from all parts of the United States gathered here today for the sixty-eighth meeting of the American Association of Science and its affiliated societies. The first general session will be opened tonight by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university and retiring president of the association, in the chapel of the Ohio state university. The sessions will continue through Saturday.

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